

And when you barke doe it with judgement.

Ban. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem*. Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i'th fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authours utter, wash'd a Tile,  
We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that seu. vy hilding  
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,  
Cicely the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog skin;  
Nay and she faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*  
She swore by wine, and bread, she would not breake.

Sch. An Ecle and woman,  
A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th taile  
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,  
In manners this was false position

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What  
Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,  
Our busines is become a nullity  
Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay on it,  
Now to be frampall, now to pisse o'th netle,  
Goe thy waies, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

*Enter Taylors daughter.*

Daughter. The George alow, came from the South, from  
The coast of Barbary a.

And there he met with brave gallants of war

By one, by two, by three, a

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,

And whither now are you bound a

O let me have your company till come to the sound a

There was three fooles, fell out about an howles

The one sed it was an owle

The other he sed nay,

The third he sed it was a hawke, and her bels wer cut away,

3. Ther's

Chaire and  
fooles out,

3. Ther's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th Nick as  
mad as a march hare: if wee can get her daunce, wee are  
made againe: I warrant her, shee'l doe the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else,  
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune:  
You are a foole: tell ten, I have pozd him: Buz  
Friend you must eate no white bread, if you doe  
Your teeth will bleede extreemely, shall we dance ho?  
I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sirha Tinker  
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dij boni*. A Tinker Damzell?

Daugh. Or a Conjuror: raise me a devill now, and let him  
*Quipassa*, o'th bells and bones.

Sch. Goe take her, and fluently perswade her to a peaces:  
*Et opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis.*  
Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade.

(Winde Hornes)

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Perswasively, and cunningly: away boyes,

*Ex. all but Schoolemaster.*

I heare the hornes: give me some  
Meditation, and marke your Cue:  
Pallas inspire me.

*Enter Thes. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and traine.*

Thes. This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

Per. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.

Ladies sit downe, wee'l stay it.

(Ladies)

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all haile: all haile sweet

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favour; our Countrey pastime made is,